

AS A LOBBYIST

H. L. Chapman Proves to Be a
Howling Success.

OPPOSED THE SCREEN BILL

And Glorified In Its Defeat Upon
Two Occasions.

MUCH MISERY AMONG HIS MINERS.

Provisions Were Scarce and Suffering
Was Intense—Only \$9 a Month
For Two Years.

Jackson, O., Sept. 14.

While posing as a friend of the miner Operator Chapman always fails to dwell upon his lobbying against the miners' screen bill. This bill was introduced in the Seventieth general assembly by Representative Taylor. The operators did not make much of a contest while the bill was pending in the house. Representatives Thomas of Stark county and Llewellyn of Jackson county, both miners, made strong speeches in favor of the bill. After a full hearing the house passed the bill with but two or three dissenting votes.

When the measure was pending in the senate the operators "got a move on" and a tremendous lobby appeared at Columbus to kill the screen bill. At their head was H. L. Chapman. He did not appear before the committee, but did not end of lobbying in the hotel corridors and where it evidently did the most good, for the bill was defeated in the senate.

In the next assembly the bill was again introduced in the house and H. L. Chapman was bolder and actually appeared before the house committee, of which Representative Van Felt of this county was chairman, and made a speech in his loudest voice against the screen bill.

The bill was again defeated and Chapman was highly elated at his victory over the miners, whose friend he now professes to be.

The screen bill was simply a proposition to protect the miners against the dishonest operators. Such a bill ought to have been unnecessary, but from the testimony of the miners who were actively working for the bill, as well as by the testimony of the members of the legislature who were practical miners, it was necessary, in order that the men who dug the coal in the bowels of the earth could receive the compensation due him for that work.

But Chapman, the friend of the miner, aided in killing the bill.

As it now stands the miners are compelled to use any size screen that the operators see fit to use. All the coal that goes through the screen is not paid for, only that retained in the screen. That which falls through is not or slack, and the size of the screen regulates the size of the slack and not also the product left for the miner upon which his pay is computed. Some years ago an inch and a quarter screen was used, but this has given way to an inch and a half, thus increasing the not or slack and decreasing the amount of coal to the miners' credit. The operator, of course, puts the not or slack on the market and sells them both, but they are practically mined free.

The strike in the Chapman mines began July 5, and as the men had averaged but \$9 a month for the past two years and as they had a strike 10 months ago, they were not in first-class shape to withstand a protracted siege, such as they were compelled to. The demand of an increase was to prevent a reduction, as it was currently reported at that time that Operator Chapman and others were about to force a reduction from 56 cents a ton to 45 cents a ton. They resolved to take the bull by the horns and not only prevent a reduction but force an increase. One miner had been paid for but five tons of coal that he had mined in June, that had not tumbled through the screens. This netted him \$2.80, and as he lived in one of Chapman's shanties, for which he paid \$4 a month, he was shy \$1.20 on his rent, alone, say nothing of his other family expenses.

When it was necessary for the relief committee here to look out for the destitute, but one family in the settlement about Chapman's Springfield mine was found that did not require assistance. The committee reported that all of the provisions possessed by all of the families, except this one, could be carried away in a single meal sack.

Early in the strike here a canvass found 183 families, over 500 persons, absolutely without provisions. But for little garden patches and indulgent farmers, the condition of the miners and their families in Chapman's district would have been fearful indeed.

PROSPERITY IN ASHLAND COUNTY.

Mortgages recorded for year ending
June 30, 1897:
\$264,714.Mortgages recorded for year ending
June 30, 1896:
\$366,666.Mortgages canceled for year ending
June 30, 1897:
\$301,048.Mortgages canceled for year ending
June 30, 1896:
\$438,167.Wheat is a dollar a bushel—and so
is silver.I denounce national banks. I am
the president of a national bank.
H. L. CHAPMAN.Republicans of Ohio: Don't tie Mc-
Kinley's hands by sending a Demo-
cratic senator to Washington—and
such a Democrat.

While H. L. Chapman was trying to depress the price for mining coal M. A. Hanna was striving to raise that price. Hanna was successful to marked degree.

Candidate McLean still refuses to support Candidate Chapman in his newspaper. Perhaps Candidate McLean has been asked not to hoodoo Candidate Chapman.

McLean is not to be blamed so much for not supporting Chapman in The Enquirer. Chapman has tried to prove that McLean did not control the last state Democratic convention.

The famine in India has sent the price of wool from 15 cents to 25 cents a pound, has it? How the Democrats do howl with delight every time they think of that famine in India.

My mine may be shut down because the miners demand pure air and living wages, but my national bank goes right on making money. A national bank is a bloodsucker. I am the president of a national bank.

H. L. CHAPMAN.

Thirty-five dollar shanties may do for the miner who received \$9 a month for two years, digging coal for Chapman, but Chapman has to have a palace and his family lives abroad. If he were a Republican he would be called a plutocrat, but being a Democrat he is a "friend of the people."

McLean's gold bonds have disappeared in Washington. And yet some foolish Democrats say that McLean is not a candidate for the United States senate. Why he has been a candidate ever since the tally sheet forgeries 12 years ago, when there was an attempt to steal the Ohio legislature so as to defeat John Sherman and send McLean to the senate.

Colonel Kilbourne of Columbus, a leading Democrat, could, if he would, tell how John R. McLean murdered the candidacy of Allen W. Thurman at Chicago last summer. McLean made a promise to Thurman and deliberately violated it. Thurman and not Sewall would have been named for vice president if McLean had kept his word with Thurman.

The Hon. Dress Suit Bailey of Texas says wheat was \$1.25 in 1878, and if we had silver money—him now it would be there again. Bailey is wrong. It would nominally be \$2.50, and if Bailey's crowd would make the ratio 8 to 1, it would be \$5 a bushel. Dollar wheat under normal conditions, which is Republican conditions, is better than \$2.50 or \$5 wheat under abnormal conditions, as Bailey well knows, for Bailey has a thinker.

Allen O. Myers says that Chairman McConville defied his party either for a reason or for a consideration. McConville and Myers are now in partnership running McLean's campaign for the senate, and Myers might easily find out, if he would, just what induced McConville to defy his party. McLean believes that every man has his price. When McConville defied his party it was at the behest of McLean.

Democrats up in Cuyahoga county are hugging the delusion that McLean is not a candidate for the United States senate. If they could see the Democratic headquarters in charge of Myers, McConville and Taylor, three, McLean cherubs, they might alter their opinion. And when they learn that these three McLeantes are running a committee headquarters at the expense of \$1,000 a week, on a "busted" treasury, they might well ask, "Who pays the freight?" McLean believes that every man has his price.

SILVER THE ISSUE.

Instead of the silver question the Democrats hope to make the corrupt use of money at the polls, the coercion of workmen, and the use of the power of injunction their issues. They will not, however, be permitted to evade the paramount issue raised by their platform. They may attempt calamity waiting along other lines, but the Republicans will surely hold them to a discussion of the free coinage question, and upon that issue the party of McLean will be beaten out of sight.

—Cleveland Leader.

PROSPERITY IN BELMONT COUNTY.

Mortgages recorded for year ending
June 30, 1897:
\$476,800.Mortgages recorded for year ending
June 30, 1896:
\$1,212,063.Mortgages canceled for year ending
June 30, 1897:
\$676,916.Mortgages canceled for year ending
June 30, 1896:
\$438,609.

A FRONTIER DUEL.

BY MAJ. ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

THE plagues of the mining camps in the far west were the bullies and desperadoes who, ignoring honest industry, lived by gambling or even worse.

These fellows always go armed, carry themselves with a swagger and figuratively drag their coat tails on the ground at all times in the hope that some one will give them an excuse to shoot.

Fairplay is a very good name for a town or camp, and Fairplay, Col., is today a thriving, law-abiding place, but, like all western towns, it had to pass through all the stages of social evolution from the absolute barbarity of its beginning to the high civilization of the present.

There are many men not yet beyond middle life who distinctly remember the first hut erected in Fairplay, and who retain a vivid recollection of the first hotel, the Great Western, which was composed of three rooms, one canvas, one log and the other unplanned boards. Though this establishment claimed to furnish "accommodations for man and beast," it had no stable for horses, and all its lodgers had to sleep in bunks in one room, while bread and bacon constituted the bill of fare, with now and then sugarless coffee. The "extras" were composed wholly of bad cigars, strong chewing tobacco and whisky of a kind so much viler than the ordinary fluid that one drink of it has been known to produce all the effects of delirium tremens on a man unaccustomed to it, and it always produced a homicidal mania in those who indulged in it as often as once a week.

The bar of the Great Western was the rendezvous, the headquarters, for all the miners and teamsters in the vicinity, and you may be sure that it was a constant resort for the gamblers and desperadoes who always swarm about a new mining town like flies about a sugar hoghead in July.

For the accommodation of the latter class, with whom he was in full sympathy, and with an eye to his own gain—he had only one eye—the landlord of the Great Western had fitted up a place for playing faro, and a number of pine tables on which those so inclined—and it was surprising how many were so inclined—could play that alluring but most uncertain game called poker.

At this time there were only two women in Fairplay, viz., Mrs. Chamberlain, the wife of the principal mine superintendent, and Lizzy Chamberlain, her daughter.

Some men, with wives and daughters at home in the states, rather blamed Mr. Chamberlain for subjecting his family to the hardships inseparable from such a life, but, had they known that the devoted wife and daughter insisted on accompanying him and sharing his trials, they would not have been so hard on their judgment.

Arthur Lyons, a fine young fellow of four and twenty, was Mr. Chamberlain's assistant, and as he boarded with his employer it was pretty generally conceded that he had "the inside track" so far as Lizzy was concerned, and that their marriage was only a question of time.

There was, however, in Fairplay, one man who emphatically refused to believe that Lizzy Chamberlain looked kindly on Arthur Lyons, and this man was known as "Red" Snively, the first name being given to designate his complexion and the sanguine color of his hair.

Red Snively wished to be known as "The Mountain Terror," and he tried hard to have the name attach to himself, but as the majority of the miners looked upon him as a nuisance rather than a terror the name did not stick to any great extent.

Red Snively was a swaggering, ever-armed braggart. He was supposed to be a silent partner in the Great Western hotel, and it was a matter of notoriety that all the gambling features of the establishment were under his immediate charge.

He claimed Missouri as his home, and when he became confidential—which was always the case when the game was going against him—he would hint that he was forced to come west "owin' to a little cuttin' scrape" he had over a game of cards.

With the brazen effrontery of his class, Red Snively made himself very objectionable to Lizzy Chamberlain by his disgusting attentions; so much so, indeed, that she dreaded to venture out unless accompanied by her father or Arthur Lyons.

On one occasion the latter told Red Snively very emphatically that his conduct was disagreeable to Miss Chamberlain, and that it must be stopped, and this was said with such calm emphasis that the bully was not left in any doubt as to the young man's meaning nor of his determination to enforce his request.

In addition to its many other uses the Great Western was the post office at which the weekly—more often the monthly—mail was delivered.

One rainy afternoon after the mail had come in Arthur Lyons went up to get the ever-welcome letters and papers from the east.

While he was leaning against the damp bar waiting for the man behind it to look over the addresses of the parcels that had come by post, he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and at the same time he heard Red Snively saying, in a mocking, bantering tone that meant mischief:

"Come, Lyons, join me and we'll drink to the health of the beauty of Fairplay."

As Arthur shook the fellow's huge hand from his shoulder, he said, very quietly:

"I do not drink."

"You don't, eh?" sneered Red Snively.

"I do not."

"Then I'll drink for two."

The barkeeper handed Red Snively a bottle and a glass. Half filling the latter, he raised it toward his lips, but, stopping as if he had suddenly changed his mind, he shouted, with an oath:

"No gentleman ever drinks alone!" and with this he threw the contents of the glass into Arthur Lyons' face. The unexpected explosion of a bomb could not have caused greater consternation than did this unwarranted act. Men leaped from the tables and sought places of safety, for such an insult they felt must be followed by immediate shooting.

Red Snively expected to use his pistol, for he drew it, but before he could fire, Arthur Lyons seized the arm that held the pistol with his left hand, and with his own right he planted a blow between the ruffian's red eyes that caused him to fall as if a bullet had been sent through his brain.

"No more fighting here," shouted a number of men, rushing in between Arthur and the man whom the landlord of the Great Western was helping from the floor. "If there's to be shootin' let it be done fair and square outside under the rules of the code, and not in a crowded bar where innocent men may get popped over."

"I agree to that!" roared Red Snively, who had now recovered himself. "Landlord, you'll act as my second."

"I'll do that and take your place if you go down," replied the landlord, who was only little less of a brute than the man he was championing.

"And I'll act for this gentleman," said a tall man, who had been sitting unnoticed since he reached the place, a few hours before, with the mail-carrier. He had a long, black beard, his hat was slouched, and his coat collar turned up so that but little of his face could be seen, but there was that in his voice and bearing that convinced the lookers-on that he was no ordinary person.

As the stranger took his place beside Arthur, who acknowledged the offer by a courteous bow, he drew from under his coat two revolvers and he held them with the peculiar grip of a man who knew how to use them.

"Have you a good pistol?" asked the stranger, as he took Arthur's arm and led him out of the hotel in the direction Red Snively had taken.

"I have not," replied Arthur. "Then take this. It is loaded, and has a fine hair trigger. Are you a good shot?"

Arthur took the pistol the stranger handed him and replied:

"I am not, and so you must place this man so close to me that his superior skill will not result to my disadvantage."

"Leave the whole thing to me, and do not interfere, no matter what I propose," said the stranger, pressing the young man's arm.

"You appear to be a gentleman, and I will do as you say," replied Arthur.

The crowd in the bar came out in the rain to see the duel, all taking care to be out of range.

"I propose," said the landlord, "that we place our men at ten paces with revolvers, we seconds 'll toss up for the word, and then they're to fire and keep firing till one or the other goes down."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," replied the stranger, in tones that evinced coolness and determination; "this bully," pointing to Snively with his revolver, "is a good shot; my man is not. I propose they shall shoot across a pocket handkerchief, or let only one pistol be used; we'll draw lots to see which man shall take it. Are you agreed?" he asked, turning to Arthur.

"I agree to whatever you say."

"But I don't!" shouted Red Snively.

"This ain't to be a murder, but a duel."

"A murder!" cried the stranger, striding toward the bully. "Do you dare to speak of murder?"

"I want a fair fight," replied Snively.

"A fair fight is impossible without an equality of skill and force. You would not fight, you cur, if you did not feel that you had all the advantage on your side," said the stranger, with stinging contempt.

"Mebbe you'd like to change places with your man," said the landlord of the Great Western.

"That is exactly what I proposed to do from the first," said the stranger. "This is my fight," he added, turning to Arthur Lyons. "Hear me out. I have been searching for this murderer for a year, and now, after a hunt of 10,000 miles, I have him, under my pistol, and no man can fire at him till I have squared my account."

"Who are you?" demanded Snively, his countenance purple and his thick lips trembling with excitement.

"I am George Pierce, the twin brother of Henry Pierce whom you murdered in St. Louis one year ago."

The stranger threw off his cloak and false beard, and stood before the cowed desperado—Hyperion facing a Satyr.

"Stand back, men, and let us have it out. Coward and murderer though this Snively is, I will give him a chance for his vile life."

The men dropped back and Snively suddenly raised his pistol and fired.

He was in the act of cocking his pistol again, when the young stranger raised his arm.

A crack, a puff of silvery smoke and a crimson spot in the center of the man's forehead, who lay dead before the bar-room door.

One hour after this George Pierce shook hands with Arthur Lyons and rode away from the mountain camp, the preserver of one man's life and the avenger of another's.

Soon after this the landlord of the Great Western had to fly the camp, and was subsequently lynched in Nevada.

Arthur Lyons is to-day one of Colorado's most prominent citizens, and he often tells his children of the early days of Fairplay and of the duel he came near fighting on account of their mother.—N. Y. Ledger.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 10, 1897.

Senator Foraker was in Washington several days this week in connection with a meeting of the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroad, of which he is chairman, to investigate certain affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad Co. under the Pettigrew resolution adopted by the Senate at the last session of Congress. Those democrats who have been saying that Senator Foraker was not really in favor of the success of Senator Hanna in Ohio ought to have heard him talk about the prospects of the campaign he will help to open and in which he will take an active part. He is not only earnestly in favor of Senator Hanna's success, but absolutely certain of it. The democrats of Ohio have virtually abandoned their entire platform and are now depending solely upon abuse of Senator Hanna and the corrupt use of John R. McLean's money in Cincinnati and elsewhere.

Secretary Wilson's vacation, from which he returned this week was filled with hard useful work from start to finish. He was absent from the Department of Agriculture about a month, and the entire time was spent in making a personal investigation of the condition of agriculture in the trans Mississippi states as far west as Utah and Montana, giving special attention to irrigation, horse raising and sugar beet growing. The trip was made for the purpose of gaining information to aid in carrying out the intentions of President McKinley and Secretary Wilson that the Department of Agriculture shall furnish practical and valuable information to the farmers of the country, information that will enable them to increase their profit, generally improve their condition. Secretary Wilson said: "I found the farmers in especially good spirits where ever I went. There is no doubt that confidence is restored, and that the country is justified in its anticipations of better times. The people are all busy in the west." The Secretary thinks that the cultivation of the sugar beet will steadily increase until this country produces all the sugar it uses.

In view of the sensational statements alleging wholesale pension frauds in New York City and the payment of enormous sums of money to those having no legal right to receive it, a communication received by Pension Bureau from the Inspector who is in the charge of the proceedings against those who have been wrongfully drawing pension money in that city is decidedly interesting. It says in the first place that there have been only fifteen criminal cases under investigation, and that ten of these are in shape to be presented to the Grand Jury, while four arrests have been made. Another case of the million black crows that upon investigation proved to be three.

Rev. Sam Small, a pupil of Sam Jones, the champion blackguard preacher of the world, is to leave his daughters divorce case and theatrical prospects to look out for themselves awhile, in order to take the stump in Kentucky and Ohio for the Democrats. He left Washington this week. Just who is going to pay Sam for his services and expenses on this trip has not been ascertained, but somebody will have to put up the money for him, as he doesn't talk for nothing. Sam was quite popular with church going people in Washington, until he delivered a Sunday night lecture in a Washington theatre, to which an admission fee was charged. Since then they have felt a little dubious of him, notwithstanding his slick-tongued professions. It will be queer indeed, if Sam can make any Democratic recruits, either in Ohio or Kentucky.

Postmaster General Gary, who has just returned from New York, where he spent some days carefully studying the practical work of handling the mails in the country's biggest postoffice, is confident that a system of postal savings banks will be started before the close of the present administration. So confident does he feel of this that he is gathering information from all countries having postal savings banks in order that our system, when it is introduced, shall be the best in the world.

Secretary Bliss promptly called down the sensational lie that the relations between himself and Commissioner of Pensions Evans had grown so unfriendly that Commissioners Evans intended to resign. Mr. Evans, who has been quite sick but is now much better, says he has no intention resigning and that he and Secretary Bliss are good friends.

Running sores, indolent ulcers and similar troubles, even though of many years' standing, may be cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It soothes, strengthens and heals. It is the great pile cure. W. R. Smith & Co., Drugists.

If John R. McLean goes on a few years with the Ohio Democracy he will convert it into a stock company and hold 51 shares out of 100 of the stock. Then he can manage it just as easy as his gas company or any little thing like that. There would not, of course, be any serious objection by the party. It is docile.

The confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its unequalled record of wonderful cures.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. Its correctness in holding urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention NEWS-HERALD and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Will S. Darby and Herman Pfeiffer, two young chemists of Chicago, claim to have invented a new projectile which will revolutionize naval warfare. A test was made on a small scale recently which proved highly successful. The inventors claim that a sufficient amount can be placed in a cartridge 1 foot long and 3 inches in diameter to raise the battleship Maine 10 feet out of the water or to engulf her in a torrent of water.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

North Carolina is making a success of the experiment of working convicts on the public roads. Thus far it has not been attended by complaints from any quarter. The convicts are said to be more easily managed than they were while locked in close, narrow cells and huddled in a mass that generated disease and sickness.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

The intense itching and smarting incident to eczema, tetter, salt-rheum, and other diseases of the skin is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples; chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites, and chronic sore eyes. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

Try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, they are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge.

Sold by Garrett & Ayres.

Little Teddie—Did our baby come right in us from heaven?

His Mamma—Yes darling. Right straight down.

Little Teddie—I guess he must 'a' lit on his feet, and that's what makes him so bow legged.—Cleveland Leader.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—"Mytic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. R. Smith & Co., druggists, Hillsboro, O.

"De lady ment well," said Meandering Mike, "but she didn't understand me tastes. She was trying to spoil me."

"Did she offer ye anythin'?" inquired Flooding Pete.

"Yes. She insisted on me takin' a few chops to start wit' an 'I hatter move on.'"

—Washington Star.

That gold bond which John R. McLean required the District of Columbia Athletic Club to give him is likely to prove rather embarrassing to him in his Senatorial race upon the 16-to-1 silver platform.

Small precautions often prevent great mischiefs. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very small pills in size, but are most effective in preventing the most serious forms of liver and stomach troubles. They cure constipation and headache and regulate the bowels. W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.

"I see the Pittsburg detectives have arrested a foreign nobleman, the Count de Gloria."

"Gloria? I wonder if that's old Gloria in Excelesis?"

"No, this is Gloria in jail."

The "Bicycleist's Best Friend" is a familiar name for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, always ready for emergencies. While a specific for piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.